



THE LADS

Who live in Ireland, OR WHERE THE APPLE PRATIES GROW.

Composed and Sung by JAS. SEYMOUR, at Niblo's,
in the "Duke's Motto."
The music to be had of H. B. Dodworth, 6 Astor Place.

My name is Ned O'Manney, I was born in sweet Killarney ;
I can fight, dance or sing, I can plough, reap or mow ;
And, if I met a pretty girl, I never practice blarney.
I've something more alluring, which perhaps you d
like to know :
I'm none of your Bulgrudderies, nor other shabby families,
But can unto my pedigree a pretty title show :
Oh ! I'm of the O's and Mac's, and likewise the sturdy Whacks,
That live and toil in Ireland, where the Apple Praties grow ;
That live and toil in Ireland, where the Apple Praties grow.

I could a deal relate, if I could but trace my pedigree :
My Mother was a Hogan, but my Father I don't know ;
I've ninety-nine relations in a place they call Roscaiberry,
And each unto their name has a Mac or an O ;
My Uncle was a Brallaghan, my Aunt she was a Callaghan :
And as to my character, why, I can plainly show :
I'm a rantin' rovin' blade, and I never was af aid ;
For, I was born in Ireland, where the Apple Praties grow ;
For, I was born in Ireland, where the Apple Praties grow.

May Heaven still protect our hospitable Country,
Where first I drew my living breath, and heard its
cocks to crow !
Adieu to its green hills, and its lovely bay of Banty !..
Where, many a pleasant evening, my Love and I did go..
Where shoals of fish, so pleasantly, did sport about so merrily,
Beneath its glassy surface, their wanton tricks to show..
Oh ! those scenes I did enjoy, like a gav, unthinking boy,
With the lads who live in Ireland, where the Apple
Praties grow ;
Whith the lads who live in Ireland, where the Apple
Praties grow.

St. Patrick was our Saint, and a blessed man, in truth, was he ;
Great gifts unto our Country he freely did bestow ;
He banished all the frogs and toads, that sheltered in
our Country,
And unto other regions it's they were forced to go :
There is one fact, undoubtedly, that cannot contradicted be :
For, trace the Irish history, and it will plainly show ;
Search the universe all round, tighter fellows can't be found
Than the lads who live in Ireland, where the Apple
Praties grow ;
Than the lads who live in Ireland, where the Apple
Praties grow.

H. DEMARSON, Publisher of
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